

for loosening up muscles, and a row of defeats are almost certain for both teams, as they will be battling against athletes who have been on the coast most of the winter, and are already in condition.

Gleason's fear is that his workmen, stung by defeat, may cut loose too fiercely in an effort to stem the tide, and strained muscles will be their portion. He will attempt to impress on them the fact that games won now do not count in the standing of the American League, and that they are only after practice, not scalps.

Ten more days are left the Cubs in camp at Tampa, and in that time they will play six ball games, all with major league teams, complimenting the St. Louis Browns. They will meet the real article, however, in Connie Mack's Athletics.

O'Day has settled his men down to the regular training camp grind. The veteran is not trying out any frills, but sticks to routine stunts to limber his men. Tommy Leach has been officially appointed captain and measured for a uniform with gold lace.

Mordecai Brown, manager of the St. Louis Reds, has gone to New York to put in bids for some of the world's tourists who reach home tomorrow.

Koji Yamada and George Sutton were victors yesterday in the 18.2 billiard championship tournament. The Jap beat George Slosson and Sutton defeated Calvin Demarest. Averages in both contests were low.

Bombardier Wells knocked out Bandsman Blake in the fourth round in London last night. The danger is now that Wells will become so inflated that he will invade the U. S. in search of more lickings.

Jack Dillon and Jim Flynn fought ten fierce rounds in Kansas City last night, the referee's decision being a draw. Dillon was favored by the crowd, who hissed the verdict. In the second round Dillon knocked the Pueblo man down twice.

Work on the Federal League park at Addison and Clark streets was formally begun this morning, an official tone being given by the presence of Mayor Harrison, who turned the first spadeful of earth.

JINX KNOCKS THE GINGER OUT OF ANY TEAM— FROM MANAGER TO MASCOT

BY HUGH S. FULLERTON.

Superstition is one element in baseball "dope" that no one can figure out. In fact superstition plays an immense part in all sports. I had a letter yesterday from one of the managers of a major league team and in it he said:

"The team looks a little better. I think we have strengthened up in two positions. I would be hopeful but for the fact that every load of barrels I have seen since leaving home has been full barrels."

I know this manager well; and his remark about the barrels is significant. If he sees a load of empty barrels on a wagon, he is as confident of winning a game as can be. If the barrels are filled he is downhearted.

Of course, it is foolish, but if I were the owner of that team I would hire a few wagons, load them with empty barrels and have them driven past the hotel several times; or better, have them meet the players as they are going to the grounds for practice.

The idea that meeting a hay wagon loaded with loose hay brings luck is general in baseball. I have seen players risk their lives to grab straws from such a load to wear in their caps. Baled hay, on the other hand, is unlucky.

Frank Chance is perhaps the most superstitious of the managers. He has a dozen or more good and bad luck signs. The worst thing he can think of is to look at the scoreboard during a game. If he accidentally sees the board, the luck is sure to